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BLACKHAWK

OCTOBER
No. 45

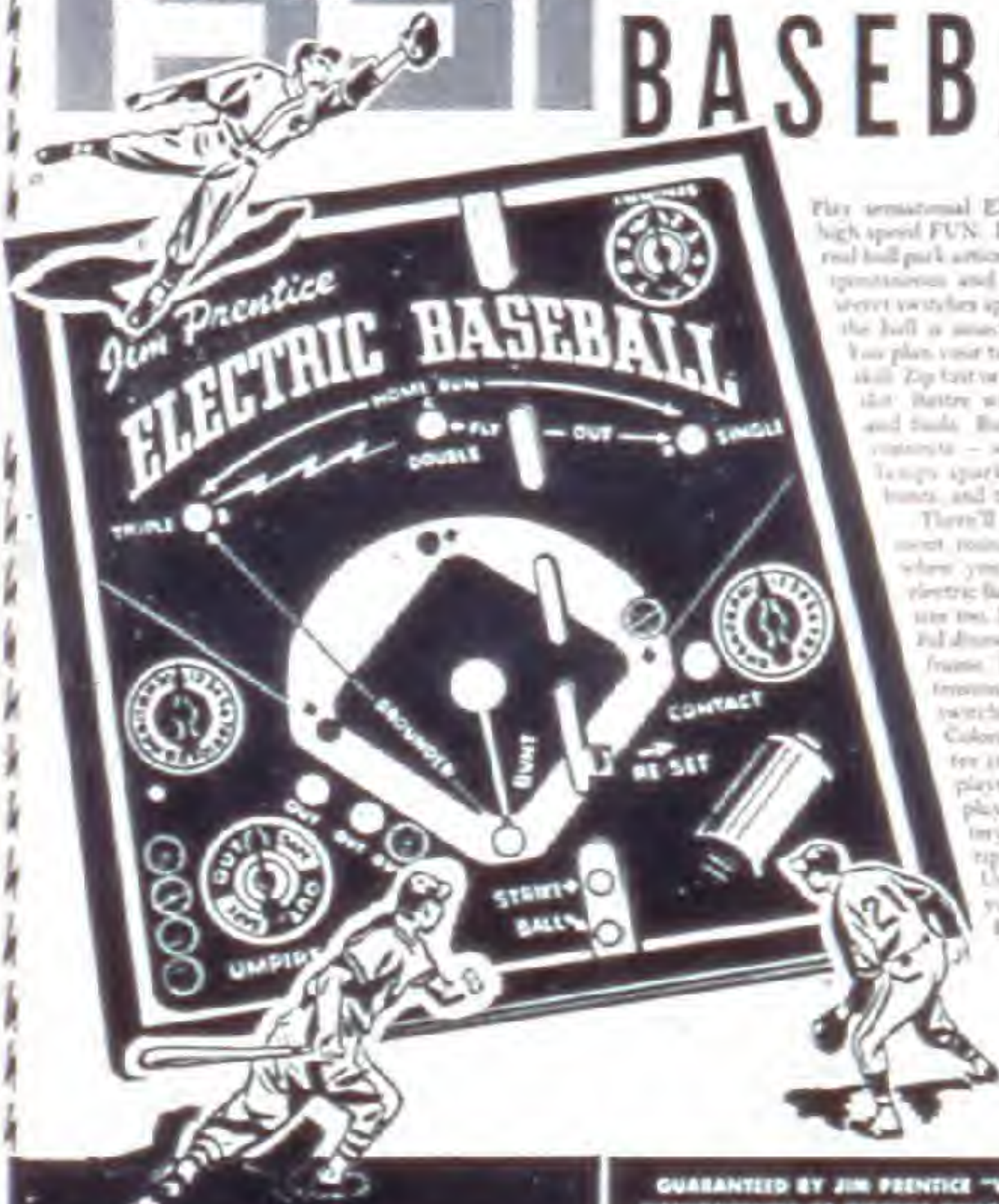
CAN THE
BLACKHAWKS
SAVE THEMSELVES
FROM...
"THE ISLAND
OF DEATH?"



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BLACKHAWK



THROUGH THE INFERNO OF MANY COMBATS, THE BLACKHAWKS HAVE RETURNED SAFELY TO THEIR BELOVED BLACKHAWK ISLAND! ALWAYS IT HAS PROVEN THEIR REFUGE AND SHELTER, THEIR SANCTUARY FROM DANGER! BUT WHEN BLACKHAWK ISLAND BECOMES A NO-MAN'S LAND OF HORROR AND DEATH, WHEN EVERY FAMILIAR OBJECT IS TRANSFORMED INTO A FATAL MENACE... AND THE VALIANT BLACKHAWKS FACE INESCAPABLE DOOM ON ITS ONCE FRIENDLY TERRAIN... CAN EVEN THE DARK KNIGHTS SAVE THEMSELVES FROM...

The ISLAND OF DEATH?

IN THE PRIVATE CONSULAR OFFICES OF A POWERFUL TOTALITARIAN NATION...

THIS IS A FANTASTIC PROPOSITION, ZASTOK!

BUT YOU SENT FOR ME! SO YOU MUST BELIEVE I CAN DO WHAT I SAY!

FRANKLY, I DON'T BELIEVE IT! BUT YOUR REPUTATION IS TOO WELL KNOWN FOR ANY PROPOSITION OF YOURS TO BE IGNORED, ZASTOK!

THEN I REPEAT! FOR A PRICE, I WILL DESTROY THE BLACK-HAWKS!





WE'VE BEEN ALOFT NEARLY AN HOUR, GARY! NO SIGN OF THOSE PLANES!



I SEE TO DEFAKE, NOW AMI! ZOSS ARE NOT BUZZARDS COMING UP AT US AT SEVEN O'CLOCK!



THEY WERE PLAYING POSSUM BENEATH THAT CLOUD BANK! **BREAK FORMATION!**



AN INTERESTING LITTLE TRAP! BUT WE'LL SEE WHO GETS CAUGHT IN IT!



THE SKY IS A FLAMING MAELSTROM OF BATTLE!

THEIR PLANES ARE STRIPPED OF ALL INSIGNIA! AND THERE'S A NEW DESIGN... SO I CAN'T EVEN IDENTIFY THEIR MAKER!



BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER ANYMORE! OLAF GOT THE LAST OF THEM! THOSE FANCY FLYING MACHINES ARE NOW NOTHING BUT JUNK!



AT A HIGH-POWERED RADIO STATION TUNED TO THE BLACKHAWK FREQUENCY...

...NOTHING BUT JUNK!

SOME OF OUR BEST PILOTS AND PLANES... GONE! YOUR SCHEME HAS FAILED, ZASTOR!

NO! MY SCHEME IS JUST BEGINNING!



I ONLY WANTED TO LURE THE BLACKHAWKS AWAY FROM THEIR ISLAND FOR A LITTLE WHILE! DURING THEIR ABSENCE, MY AGENTS HAVE BEEN HARD AT WORK!



WHEN THE BLACKHAWKS RETURN, THEY WILL FIND THEIR ISLAND HOMEY-COMBED WITH UN-SEEN PERILS! I HAVE TRANSFORMED THEIR HOME BASE INTO ONE GIANTIC ... BOOBY TRAP!



LATER AS THE VICTORIOUS BLACKHAWKS PREPARE TO LAND...



YUMPIN' YIMINY! SOMETHING BAN WRONG! BLACKHAWK MUSTN'T LAND DOWN THERE!



THIS IS ONLY WAY TO STOP HIM, BY GAR!



OLAF! HAS HE GONE CRAZY!

BUT AS OLAF'S PLANE TOUCHES THE LANDING STRIP!



GOOD GLORY! THAT'S A LAYER OF FRESH CEMENT!

IT CAUGHT THE WHEELS AND WRECKED HIS PLANE! OLAF TRIED TO SAVE MY LIFE... AND SACRIFICED HIS OWN!









BLACKHAWK



WAIT! DON'T TOUCH THAT SENDING KEY, CHUCK!

HUH? BUT CHOP CHOP'S LIFE IS IN DANGER!



THIS IS JUST WHAT OUR UNKNOWN ENEMY FIGURED WE WOULD DO! SEE? THERE'S A LEADER WIRE FROM THE SENDING KEY!

IT LEADS OUTSIDE THE RADIO SHACK!



JOSEPH! THIS WHOLE AREA IS MINED WITH EXPLOSIVES!

TOUCHING THAT SENDING KEY WOULD HAVE BLOWN US ALL SKY-HIGH!



THIS WAS THE JACKPOT, BLACK! HARK! IF ANY OF US SURVIVED THE OTHER TRAPS, THIS ONE WOULD FINISH US OFF!

DISCONNECT THE WIRES! THEN SEND OFF THAT MESSAGE FOR A DOCTOR! BUT DON'T USE THE REGULAR BLACKHAWK FREQUENCY!



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, BLACKHAWK?

OUR ENEMY... WHOEVER HE IS... WILL BE WAITING FOR THIS EXPLOSION TO SIGNAL OUR FINISH! HE'LL SEE TO IT THAT WE ISN'T DISAPPOINTED!



SOON AFTERWARD... I SENT OFF THE MESSAGE, BLACKHAWK! THE DOCTOR IS ON HIS WAY!

GOOD! NOW WE'LL GIVE OUR MYSTERIOUS FRIEND THE BIG BLOW-OFF HE'S BEEN EXPECTING!



BLACKHAWK

NOT FAR FROM
BLACKHAWK
ISLAND....

HEAD
THAT?

THE DYNAMITE CHARGE EXPLODED!
I CAN SEE SMOKE OVER
THE ISLAND!



I HAVE FINISHED THE JOB! THE
BLACKHAWKS ARE DEAD! YOU
CAN PAY ME THE PRICE WE
AGREED UPON!

NOT UNTIL I
SEE THEIR
CORPSES,
ZASTOR!



HEAD FOR THE ISLAND! IF
ANY OF THE BLACKHAWKS
SURVIVED, YOUR MEN CAN
FINISH THEM OFF!



SOON....

EVERYTHING
SEEMS QUIET
ENOUGH,
ZASTOR!

WHY NOT? IT IS
THE QUIET OF
DEATH!



HAWKAAAA!

WH-WHAT
IS THAT?

IT IS
THE
BATTLE-
CRY OF THE
BLACK-
HAWKS!



THEY CAN'T
BE ALIVE! IT
MUST BE THEIR
GHOSTS!

I'M GOING TO ENJOY
REPAYING A FEW OLD
DEBTS!





DIE IS FOR ANDRE!

AND FOR CHOP CHOP!



ZASTOR PLANNED THE ISLAND TRAP! THE FOOL HAS UNDONE US ALL! I SAW HIM FLEE IN THAT DIRECTION!

ONLY ONE PLACE HE COULD GO! THE UNDERGROUND CAVERNS WE USE FOR STORING SUPPLIES!



BLACKHAWK HIMSELF! HE'S FOUND ME!

BETTER SURRENDER, ZASTOR! IT'LL GO EASIER WITH YOU!



EEAHH! THAT WIRE SET OFF ANOTHER TRAP!

BOOM!



AGH-ghh!

A MAN-MADE LAND-SLIDE! ZASTOR NEVER GUESSED THAT ONE OF HIS BOOBY TRAPS WOULD CLAIM HIS OWN LIFE!



And so, when BLACKHAWK ISLAND IS NO LONGER A PLACE OF TERROR...

MON DIEU, OLAF! YOU CALL Z'S SOUP?

OH, GOLLIES! IS WORSE LIKE BEING POISONED AGAIN!



BY GAB, I MADE DAB SOUP SPECIAL MYSELF! I NOT COOK FOR YOU ANYMORE!

THAT MAY BE A GOOD IDEA, OLAF! ANDRE AND CHOP CHOP THINK YOU WERE PLANTED HERE... AS ZASTOR'S SECRET WEAPON!

Chop Chop









BLACKHAWK

— UNHOLY THREE —

KEN-
KEN-
KEN!

DON'T SHOOT,
ANDRE! OR WE'LL
DROP THE BOMB
AND WIPE OUT
THE WHOLE
CITY!

ORDERS FOR THE BLACKHAWKS!

FIND THE BOMB
MISSING FROM THE
LABORATORY OF
DR. ANDREW SOMERS!
IT'S SET TO GO
OFF AT MIDNIGHT...
AND IF IT DOES THE
WHOLE CITY WILL
GO WITH IT!

YOU'LL PROBABLY
HAVE TROUBLE WITH
THE UNHOLY THREE!
BUT **NOTHING**
MUST STOP YOU
FROM BRINGING IN
THAT BOMB!

ONE DAY A MESSAGE ARRIVES AT THE RADIO STATION ON BLACKHAWK ISLAND...

HOLY
SASSAPARA!
LOOK AT THIS!

WHE-HU!
WHAT DO
YOU THINK
OF IT, DANG?

TUMPH!
YANK!

POWNER-
HETTER!

OH,
BROTHER!

OH!
OH!

PROFESSOR ALBERT SOMER, THE FAMED PHYSICIST, HAS INVENTED A NEW PORTABLE ATOMIC BOMB THAT CAN BE CARRIED IN AN ORDINARY SATCHEL! IT CAN BE DETONATED WITH AN AUTOMATIC TIMER!

THE GOVERNMENT BOYS WANT THE PORTABLE ATOMIC BOMB. PICKED UP AND DELIVERED TO THE TESTING AREA! IT WILL ALREADY BE SET TO GO OFF AT MID-NIGHT! OUR JOB IS SIMPLE, LADS...

WE'RE TO MEET PROFESSOR SOMER'S ASSISTANT AT THE AIR-FIELD IN RUSBORO, AND DELIVER THE SATCHEL. HE'LL BE CARRYING TO THE TESTING AREA BEFORE MIDNIGHT!

BUT SUPPOSE SOMETHING GOES WRONG! IF THAT TIMER EXPLODES THE BOMB BEFORE SCHEDULE...



LET'S NOT THINK ABOUT THAT! THEY CHOSE US FOR THIS ASSIGNMENT BECAUSE THEY KNOW IT'S DANGEROUS... SAY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING, CHOP CHOP?

YOU PROMISE CHOP CHOP VACATION, YES?



WE THINK NOW IS VELL GOOD TIME TO TAKE SAME!

AMM! I CAN'T BLAME CHOP CHOP IN A WAY! THERE'S NO BRAVER MAN WHEN THERE'S FIGHTING TO BE DONE!



BUT IT'S ANOTHER THING TO MAKE A ROUTINE FLIGHT... CARRYING A BOMB THAT MAY BLOW UP IN YOUR LAP!

TO THE PLANES!



THE RALLYING CRY OF THE BLACKHAWKS SIGNALS THE START OF A STRANGE NEW ADVENTURE! BUT EVEN THE BLACKHAWKS DO NOT SUSPECT THE DANGER THAT LIES AHEAD...



MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE LABORATORY IN RUMBORO...



THERE IS
PROFESSOR
BOMER'S ASSISTANT
NOW! HE MUST BE
CARRYING THE BOMB
IN THAT SATCHEL!

OUR SECRET INTELLIGENCE
REPORTS HAVE BEEN
ACCURATE, SO FAR! NOW
IT IS UP TO US...THE
UNHOLY THREE...TO MAKE
SURE THAT THE BOMB
NEVER REACHES THE
AIRPORT!



SOON AFTERWARD, AS
THE ARMORED CAR WITH
ITS PRECIOUS CARGO
NEARS THE AIRPORT...

JOCKEY INTO
POSITION
AHEAD OF
THEM! NOW
TURN ON THE
EXHAUST!



I-I CAN'T
SEE! MY
THROAT'S...
BURNING...



TEAR
GAS!

D-DON'T
OPEN THOSE
DOORS,
WHATEVER
HAPPENS!



I-I'LL PULL OVER TO THE
CURB UNTIL SOME OF
THAT GAS CLEARS OUT!
I-I'M ABOUT READY TO
PASS OUT!

THEY'RE HELPLESS
INSIDE THERE!
QUICKLY NOW,
BROTIS! IT'S UP TO
YOU TO FORCE OPEN
THE DOOR!



BROTIS WILL
NOT FAIL!
GOLDA!

I ALWAYS
SAID, BROTIS,
YOU WERE THE
STRONGEST
MAN I'VE
EVER SEEN!



NOW IT IS
JEDDSON'S
TURN!

THEY'RE STILL SHOOTING!
BUT MY LITTLE BLOW-
GUN WILL QUIET THEM!



UHHH!

NO MATTER
WHAT HAPPENS,
THEY MUSTN'T
GET THIS
SATCHEL!



I MUST
GET
AWAY!

I RATHER EXPECTED
SUCH A MANEUVER!



AND I WAS FULLY
PREPARED TO
MEET IT!



UHHH!

AT THIS MOMENT...

LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE
ON THAT STREET
BELOW. GANGS. I'M
GOING DOWN FOR A
CLOSER VIEW!



IT IS
TROUBLE!
THAT'S THE
ARMORED CAR
WE WERE
SUPPOSED TO
MEET AT THE
AIRPORT!



THIS STREET ISN'T
EXACTLY A LANDING
STEP! BUT THIS IS NO
TIME FOR
QUIBBLING!









NOW I'LL FIND OUT IF THAT
JAW OF YOURS IS MADE
OF CONCRETE!



WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW? HE'S
ALMOST HUMAN... AND
VERY UNCONSCIOUS!



BROTIS HELD THEM
OFF LONG ENOUGH!
GET ABOARD THIS
TRAIN, JEDDSON!
IT'S PULLING OUT!

THEY'VE TAKEN
BROTIS PRISONER!
BUT I'LL GET ONE
OF THEM!



DOWN, JEDDSON!
THAT DYNASTY'S POISONED
DARTS ARE DEADLY!

HALT!
HAUL!



YOU LET
DEM GET
AWAY, BLACK-
HAWK!

IT WAS TOO LATE TO STOP
THEM! ALL YOU COULD
HAVE DONE WAS
SACRIFICE YOUR
OWN LIFE!

BUT THEY'VE GOT PER BOMB!
NOT CAN WE DO TO STOP
THEM!
I'LL SEND OUT A
GENERAL ALARM ON MY
BELT RADIO! THE
AUTHORITIES WILL
HALT THE TRAIN
BEFORE IT GETS
VERY FAR!



ONE LATER...

WE'VE
SEARCHED
THE TRAIN FROM ONE END
TO THE OTHER! DOLPH AND
REE SWAMP ACCOMPLICE
AREN'T ABOARD! THEY MUST
HAVE GOTTEN OFF AS SOON
AS IT LEFT THE
RAILROAD YARDS!

I JUST
GOT A
MESSAGE
FOR YOU,
BLACKHAWK!

IT CAME THROUGH FROM POLICE HEADQUARTERS! THEY GOT A REPORT THAT TWO CHARACTERS ANSWERING YOUR DESCRIPTION ENTERED THE VAN LAMM TERMINAL!



GOOD GLORY!

THERE'S ONLY ONE REASON GOLDA AND JEPSON WOULD HEAD BACK THERE! THEY **LOST** THE SATCHEL DURING THAT SCRAMMAGE! THEY MUST HAVE PICKED UP THE **WRONG ONE!**



MEANWHILE, AS THE FATAL HOUR OF MIDNIGHT APPROACHES...

THERE IT IS! THE SATCHEL ROLLED DOWN INTO THE TROUGH AT THE SIDE OF THE TRACKS!

CONGRATULATIONS! I'M SO GLAD YOU FOUND IT... FOR US!



YOU'LL NEVER TAKE IT AWAY FROM ME, BLACKHAWK!

I WISH I COULD OBSERVE THE USUAL COURTESIES...



...BUT THIS SATCHEL IS FAR TOO IMPORTANT!

OH HHH!



WHE-EW! LISTEN TO THAT TERMINAL CLOCK! IT'S STARTING TO STRIKE MIDNIGHT! BUT I'VE RE-ACTIVATED THIS BOMB!

PI YUMPI! YUMPI! NOW I CAN BREATHE AGAIN!



LATER, ON BLACKHAWK ISLAND...

SAYS, HERE THEY TESTED THE PORTABLE BOMB AND ITS AUTOMATIC TIMER! THE TESTS WERE A COMPLETE SUCCESS!

YEOW! LOOK!



WOW! IT'S JUST CHOP CHOP'S SATCHEL! HE'S BACK FROM HIS VACATION!

MON DIEU!

DONNER-WETTER!

BY GAW!



VOICE OF THE IDOL

JIM KENDRICKS stood high in the Andes, looking over the huge hydroelectric "dam" being built under his supervision. Working with native labor wasn't easy at best but they were getting along all right. Bill Smith approached with a stranger in tow.

"Jim," he said, "here's your new radio operator. Just reported in."

"Fine," smiled Jim. "Take him down to the shack and send Judson up to me. I'll deal with him now."

Since the project was high in the mountains, communication was by radio. Judson, the present operator, had been incompetent—half drunk all the time and always causing trouble with the natives. The only thing Jim could do was get rid of him.

Judson approached Kendricka belligerently. "Lookin' for me?"

"I'm giving you your notice," replied Kendricka. "Draw your pay plus a month's salary in advance and transportation and leave!"

Judson paled and then looked out. "Firing me, huh? You think you're a big-shot who can kick everybody around—"

"You're no good, Judson! A trouble maker! Get out and stay out! You're through!"

"You think I'm through? I'll give you more trouble than you ever expected! Nobody's gonna push me around!" Judson stumbled down the path toward his lodgings, glaring back with an ugly hatred.

Three days passed after Judson's firing and everything had gone better than usual. But that morning was quiet—too quiet! Bill Smith barged into Kendricka's office. "Jim," he pointed, "we've got trouble! None of the natives reported for work this morning!"

"What's that?" barked Kendricka. "What's wrong?"

"Now as I can find out," explained Bill, sinking into a chair beside Jim's desk, "their idol called Orta has spoken and ordered them to stay away. You know how superstitious they are. That rock god is near their quarters and last night it talked and told them to stay away from the project. Said the dam was against his wishes and that he would bring pestilence and plague down on them if they continued to work."

"That's ridiculous," smiled Jim.

"Don't be too sure," advised Bill. "They ex-

pect to hear him speak to them again tonight at the same time—sunset!"

Jim called a holiday and left the place. But near sundown he came for Smith and they walked toward the natives' quarters and the site of the stone idol, Orta. They saw the native workers gathered around, silent and waiting. They could feel the nervous tension in the air. Kendricka took Smith's arm and led him off toward a mountainous growth behind the idol where they wouldn't be observed. They stood quietly and then Kendricka placed his arm on Smith's and cautioned him to silence with a gesture to his lips. And suddenly the voice of Orta resounded over the valley.

"This is your god Orta speaking! All of you must listen to me!"

Kendricka lunged through the underbrush and the voice broke off with an abrupt squawk. Smith followed and saw Jim wrestling with Judson, the discharged radio operator. He saw Kendricka draw his revolver.

"One word out of you and I'll let you have it," he muttered while Judson stared at him with hateful eyes. "Smith, come and take over. If this man moves, shoot him."

Bill Smith took the gun while Kendricka reached down and picked up a microphone that was lying nearby. Quickly he snapped off the switch and turned to Judson.

"I know there was something fishy about this," he said. "I came up this afternoon and found Orta wired for sound. It's your idea of revenge, Judson, but I'm going to surprise you."

Snapping on the speaker, Kendricka started talking in the native tongue! He kept his voice in a monotone so that it would sound firm and foreboding. "Oh, people of Orta, you are obedient and I shall reward you. To test your faith, I ordered you to stop work. Now I command that you return to it, for this work will bring you great rewards. But I must warn you that there is an evil spirit here to betray you! A man named Judson of another race! If you see him again, you must destroy him! The voice of Orta must be heeded! I will speak no more!"

Kendricka turned off the switch and then quickly tore the wires out of the apparatus that controlled the loudspeaker inside the great stone god. Then he turned to Judson and laughed.

"If I were you," he said, "I'd start traveling! And I think I'd travel fast!"

BLACKHAWK

And THE INVISIBLE MEN



THE SOCIETY OF ASSASSINS HAD VOWED TO DESTROY EVERY MEMBER OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE! AND THE BLACKHAWKS, GALLANT KNIGHTS OF THE AIRWAYS, WERE EQUALLY DETERMINED TO GUARD THEM AGAINST INJURY! BUT THE BLACKHAWKS COULD NOT GUESS WHAT KIND OF HELPERS THEY WOULD HAVE TO DEAL WITH... MEN WHO COULD GO ANYWHERE WITHOUT BEING SEEN... MURDER WITHOUT BEING CAUGHT... ESCAPE WITHOUT BEING OBSERVED BY HUMAN EYES...
INVISIBLE MEN!





THIS IS THE ROSE OF INVISIBILITY! IT HAS BEEN TREATED WITH A SPECIAL CHEMICAL DYE THAT REFRACTS ALL LIGHT WAVES AND MAKES IT APPEAR ALMOST INVISIBLE!

I CAN HARDLY MAKE IT OUT, SPECTRA!



I WORE SUCH A ROSE WHEN I TOOK CARE OF RECUERDO! CLOAKED FROM HEAD TO FOOT IN IT, WE SHALL APPEAR INVISIBLE IN NORMAL LIGHTING!



I CANNOT SEE YOU! THAT IS FINE! THE BLACKHAWKS WILL HAVE EQUAL DIFFICULTY... WHEN WE STRIKE AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE!



LATER, AS THE PEACE CONFERENCE BEGINS...

EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT SO FAR, CHUCK?

NO SIGN OF TROUBLE, BLACKHAWK!



THE SOCIETY OF ASSASSINS WILL ATTEMPT TO MURDER EVERY MEMBER OF THE CONFERENCE! THAT WOULD SPREAD TERROR THROUGHOUT THE FREE WORLD AND DISCOURAGE EVERY ATTEMPT AT PEACEMAKING!

NO ASSASSIN WILL EVER GET PAST ME, BLACKHAWK!



I CAN'T HELP WORRYING, EVEN THOUGH I'VE POSTED BLACKHAWKS AT EVERY ENTRANCE! THEY... WHAT'S THAT?



HENDRICKSON! HE'S BEEN KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS! BUT WHO COULD HAVE DONE IT?

I... I HEARD... FOOTSTEPS...





NOT
AM. I
DO NOT
UNDER-
STAND
HOW THESE
THINGS
ARE. HELP
UP!

MAYBE THEY
WON'T, BUT
WE'RE FACING A
HIGHLY UNUSUAL
SITUATION....
AND WE NEED
UNUSUAL
METHODS TO
COMBAT IT.)



I WANT ALL OF YOU TO TAKE UP POSITIONS
IN THIS ROOM WHERE YOU CANNOT BE SEEN!
THEN WAIT UNTIL I GIVE THE ORDER BEFORE
YOU SHOW YOURSELVES....



TIME DROPS BY ON
LEADEN FEET...AND
THEN...



THERE THEY ARE,
MEN! **OPEN
FIRE!**



WE GOT THEM
ALL! IT'S A
MASSACRE...
WAIT!



STRAW PUPPETS!
WE'VE BEEN TRICKED.
SPECTRA!

CHARGE FOR THEIR GUNS!
EVEN IF WE CAN'T SEE
THEM, WE KNOW THAT'S
WHERE THEY ARE!



**THE
BLACKHAWKS!**

WHAH! IT FEELS
GOOD TO GET MY
FIST ON SOMETHING!



RIP OFF THEIR COSTUMES!
THAT'S THE SECRET OF
THEIR INVISIBILITY!



IN THE SEMI-DARKNESS, BLACKHAWK DUELS DESPERATELY WITH AN UNGEEN ANTAGONIST!

THERE'S THE GUN!
SHE CAN'T BE FAR AWAY!

A CHILDISH TRICK,
BLACKHAWK! I CAN
EASILY SIDESTEP THAT
ROLLING BARREL!



MAYBE YOU GET A
BIG SURPRISE,
MISST!

BAM!



I'LL TAKE THAT GUN NOW!
I GUESS YOU DON'T
EXPECT ANYONE TO
BE HIDING *INSIDE*
THAT BARREL!

HEE-HEE!
CHOP-CHOP
WAS INVULSIBLE
MAN!



Later...

YOU'VE SAVED THE
PEACE CONFERENCE,
BLACKHAWK! NOW
WE CAN GO ON TO
CREATE THOSE SAFE-
GUARDS NECESSARY
TO KEEP THE PEACE
IN OUR TIME!

AT LEAST
YOU WON'T
HAVE TO
WORRY
ABOUT
SPECTRA
AND HER
SOCIETY OF
ASSASSINS
ANYMORE!



WE'LL TURN HER
OVER TO THE
PROPER AUTHORITIES FOR
PUNISHMENT! AND HER
"INVULSIBILITY COSTUMES"
WILL BE ANALYZED IN
SCIENTIFIC LABORATORIES!

THEN OUR JOB
HERE IS DONE!
WE'LL HEAD
BACK FOR
BLACKHAWK
ISLAND!



A FEW DAYS LATER, ON BLACKHAWK ISLAND...

SIX OF BLUEBELLY PIES IS
MISSING! SPEAK UP, PLEASE!
WHO IS THERE WHO TAKE YOUR
PIES BEFORE DINNER?



PARBLEU!
WHO WOULD
DO SUCH A
TERRIBLE
THING?

TEK-TEK! IT MUST
HAVE BEEN THE...
UH... INVULSIBLE
MAN!



NOW YOU CAN GET ALL THREE!



T-MAN

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POLICE
COMICS

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KIND ON THE NEWSTANDS!**



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...YER RIBS
ARE SHOWING!



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"The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

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